

Sunday 5 July 1981

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Greetings--

Had to rewrite a difficult letter to Clyde Corson (the first speaker of Numaudo back in 1960) in far-off Lawndale.

Serious lapse of my memory--he phoned me about wanting me to go next Thursday afternoon to the Los Angeles Convention Center where they are having a Business Show and Computer show simultaneously for three days or whatever it is, and he wanted to see it because of the disk-memories and other peripherals being demonstrated.

I forgot that Thursday is the day all my books and records are due at the Brand Library and I have been promised a ride there and back to return them and take out some more, because the fellow who is taking me also has books out. So I can't be in two places at the same time.

It's unfortunate I didn't tell him on his toll call that I couldn't make it so he could make other plans.

But: new heat wave here and I couldn't possibly take the busses to the center of Smogville on a scorching hot day and go through that Convention Center and walk miles and be there on time at the right place to meet him coming from Lawndale and maybe miss him. So I suggested an alternative: If he will tell me what was important to see, I can get somebody else during the Summer to take me to a computer store or some such place to see a demo without all the miles of walking and heat and hustle-bustle and Mental Indigestion of one of those Convention Center whingdings.

After all, I was taken to Computer Center in Pasadena to see not only the synthesizer demo and the Apple programs for it, but also the color drawing and "painting" programs on minicomputers that were also demonstrated that night. I didn't have to walk and it was in the cool of the night. Why then do I have to re go through such a hassle and get all hot and tired?

Last night, thousands of dollars went up in smoke as fireworks. I saw a couple of roman candles last night while out on the street to see if anybody was shooting at these houses. The current issue of TIME had an article on the millions being spent on cocaine. So the money is there, tossed around like confetti.

A tremendous amount of money already has been spent on me by OMNI and LIFE and GUITAR PLAYER and resulted in further expenditures by other people. And the affair has just begun.

I do not have to go on a hunger strike to be famous. I did not have to beg for crumbs to promote either the Megalyra or Non-12. I simply do not have to torture myself with religious nonsense.

Buzz Kimball took me over to the Larson music store and got me the bridge and I saw the price-tag on their cello: \$1190.

He is a Feast-Or-Famine type of person riding an emotional roller coaster for all the 30 years I have known him. He gets overenthusiastic and works hard on something, then exhausts himself and gets ill and everything crashes. This pattern has been going on at least that 30 years, since I met him in 1951 at the General Semantic Group. It's so much like my mother's pattern of 50 years ago that it's uncanny and naturally enough distressing to me because I'm helpless--I can't help him break it. People took shameless cruel advantage of him and aggravated the situation.

He went and joined that Baha'i thing about ten years ago or whenever it was--maybe 16--and between them and his mother, and his wife having left him, he was drained of energy and kept down. And I couldn't do anything for him, but had to watch helplessly. So that may explain why I got nowhere with Numaudo/Numalittera despite his having started me writing the book in the first place and his having been the first person to learn some 50 of the syllables and try them out.

Every time his co-operation about Numaudo started, either he got ill or I got ill or one of these leeches drained him of spunk and gogettem and gumption and he was back to Zero again. For 23 years now. And he has this notion that he has to torture himself and overwork and then of course that brings on another illness. I just don't see how a partnership could work when either of us were having to ride busses 22 miles from my place to Lawndale.

So I had the very difficult job this morning early of writing him that he should slow down and relax and that he is entitled to some reward later on for having learned Numaudo first, without having to build all those gadgets all by himself at his own expense--that he could be part of the network of people later on who will sponsor Numaudo and use it themselves.

I shouldn't have to beg or plead for grants or impose on anybody for Numaudo--not after this unprecedented terrific demonstration of promoting non-12 with a full-page ad in color.

Non-12 had far less likelihood of becoming a national news item than a business skill like Numaudo/Numalittera should have, since every business phone and every computer peripheral keyboard and every financial institution could use the Numaudo System for profit WITHOUT having to wait for more inventions and gadgets; and Numaudo could be used in education with EXISTING books and EXISTING facilities with no capital investment in any new equipment.

So the more impossible thing happened first. Here I am in the new Financial Center, Glendale. Surrounded by money-madvested interests living high on the Hog. Having to wheel a broken grocery cart past all these moguls. And they get more numerous AND richer during just the five years I have been forced to live here and watch. I can't deal with them directly, but there should be enough go-betweens available to bridge this enormous Status Gap and Incompatible Lifestyles Gap. Maybe I have to move far r from Glendale before they will be willing to deal with me even indirectly--arm's length and all that? It's almost humorous: Like Glen amazing the neighbors by taking me in a Cadillac Limousine to McDonald's ! Who ever could have dreamt that? If that can happen, then Numaudo can happen. It is merely a matter of "collecting" the second Network of People.

Yours